

**The Evening World**  
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## The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in The  
Evening World in March, 1904..... 1,501 1/2  
Number of columns of advertising in The  
Evening World in March, 1903..... 1,032 1/2

INCREASE..... 469 1/2

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New  
York EVER carried in regular editions in any one month  
such a volume of display advertising as The Evening  
World carried in March, 1904.

### THE FARM AND THE WHITE HOUSE.

Mr. Creelman made very attractive to Sunday  
World readers last Sunday the pen picture of Alton B.  
Parker, farmer-jurist, at home upon his Esopus acres.  
Here is—

—no dilettante stranger to the country, playing with  
agriculture as with a toy, but a real farmer who directs the  
work, superintends the ploughing and, in harvest time, goes  
out in his shirt sleeves to work with his men in the hay  
and sorghum.

Judge Parker whistles while at his farm work. His  
cheeks glow, he swings his arms like a boy, he is "the  
incarnation of strength and virility." A farmer not for  
effect, but because he loves the soil and the fresh winds that  
blow over it.

It is recalled that Washington loved his acres in the  
same way as this big but gentle tiller of the soil at  
Esopus. In his mature life, the Father of His Country  
had the expressed ambition to be the leading farmer of  
America. At times there were three hundred head of  
cattle on his dairy farm at Mt. Vernon.

Washington was never happier than when in the  
midst of the farm work. "Nowhere," he once said,  
"can I find so great satisfaction as in those innocent  
and useful pursuits."

Jefferson was the next great farmer-President. "I  
would rather be Farmer Jefferson," he said once, cor-  
recting one who had called him "President" after his  
retirement, "than to have all the titles of Europe."

Jefferson's schedules and memorandum books as  
preserved show him to have been a close follower of  
agricultural details. Both he and Washington were  
liberal experimenters with new methods.

James Madison inherited his farm of Montpelier,  
about thirty miles from Jefferson's Monticello. He was  
not a farming enthusiast like the agricultural Presi-  
dents just discussed. He took his dignity with him  
along his land. Nevertheless, he had many affairs of  
field and stall to discuss by letter with Jefferson. Trees  
that Madison planted are still cared for at Montpelier.

All through his public activities, James Monroe  
dreamed of a pastoral life to come in old Virginia. Oak  
Hill was the outcome of his dream. Circumstances  
made his life there more busy than tranquil. Still he  
had the daily morning and evening satisfaction of  
riding over his estate, and in the great house which he  
designed himself he entertained happily many friends.  
Lafayette visited him there.

President Tyler was a thorough-grained farmer. At  
various times he established eight different homes in  
his native State of Virginia. All through his period of  
official life he continued to send directions and make  
provision for the care of his land, crops and laborers.  
He was a good master. "My plan," he wrote to his  
foreman, "is to encourage my hands, and they work  
better under it than from fear."

### SLAPPING A WOMAN'S FACE.

Mrs. Hen, who boarded a trolley car in Jersey City  
Saturday, had the unusual experience of being slapped  
by the conductor. At least, this is the charge she makes,  
and there are witnesses.

Mrs. Hen became angry. Presumably she still is  
angry. No woman would accept smilingly a slap on the  
cheek. Nor would it be easy to conjure up conditions  
that would uphold her in complacent acquiescence.

According to Mrs. Hen's statement, she had asked to  
have the car stopped at a certain place, and the con-  
ductor forgot or neglected to stop it. She pulled the  
bell-cord herself, called the attention of the conductor to  
his remissness, and then—the slap. It stung her cheek,  
wounded her pride, aroused a fine feminine wrath and  
led to the arrest of the conductor.

The public has endured much. It is accustomed to  
having its rights ignored while it sways from a strap;  
to being ordered to hurry when already doing its best;  
to being left standing at corners, hands upraised in vain  
appeal; to being carried past its destination. It is not  
accustomed to being slapped. It will decline to be made  
accustomed to this buffet.

Mrs. Hen seems to have a good case. She must not  
lose her head, for she is engaged in promoting a bene-  
faction. If she can bring punishment upon the offender  
her seemingly cackle of delight will not be a solo.

### THE MOTORMAN TAKES A CHANCE.

Fire engine 23 is in the department repair shop as the  
result of a collision with a Ninth Avenue "L" pillar.  
Its driver and the captain of the company narrowly es-  
caped serious injury, or death.

Somewhere on a Ninth Avenue trolley car a motorman,  
is at work who ought to be doing a long term in jail. It  
was because he broke a rule and did not stop his car at  
a crossing that the engine horses had to be swung aside.

Every motorman knows the right-of-way rules for the  
Department. But the temptation to "take a chance"  
is too much, every now and then, for some man at the  
controls. As a cure for front-platform recklessness thirty  
years "up the river" is strongly recommended. The re-  
medy should be applied promptly at the next breaking out.

# The Rapidtoodleum Emerges from the Delayed Subway to Revive Harlemites' Hopes.



## The Woes of the Woman Gossip.

By  
Nixola Greeley-Smith.



A CURIOUS and somewhat mysterious story was printed in last week's newspapers concerning a well-known clubwoman, who, after circulating in the city for some time, was compelled by them to sign a written retraction of every statement she had made concerning them.

Apparently the lady thus brought to summary justice was of the malignant order of women gossips who circulate evil reports about other women with full intent to injure them. It is to be hoped, for the credit of womankind, that this class is extremely limited. But there is another order of gossip who entirely without malice babble of things that do not concern her, and often by her very artlessness does more harm than she whose tongue is tipped with deliberate venom.

Indeed, the mere fact that the venomous woman shows her wish to injure often robs her of the power, while she who is without evil intent and merely repeats things she has heard because she regards them as curious or interesting or, above all, amusing lends additional credence to the reports that she circulates by the very fact that she tells them without malice.

Of the first order women may say indignantly, "Horrid old cat! Nobody can believe a word she says. I wonder if it is my duty to warn Mrs. Jones that she is circulating such stories about her?"

But the stories of the ingenious gossip they dismiss less easily. Half the time, indeed, they make up their minds that there must be something in them since that "artless little Mrs. Brown" would not repeat them otherwise.

Sometimes, of course, Mrs. Brown's artlessness is of the kind that conceals art, but generally "her intentions are good enough to consign their victim to the region which is said to be paved with them."

A peculiar characteristic of the woman babbler as distinguished from the woman gossip is that her very artlessness attracts the confidence which later the same artlessness betrays.

The deliberate, venomous gossip seldom gets into trouble as the result of the scandal she creates. The poor, unfortunate babbler invariably does—that is, the babbler on the end of the line. For, though a dozen people may be involved in the circulation of a story, it is the person who tells it last that gets jumped on by the virtuous and discreet other eleven.

The law of confidences is that they travel in circles and so eventually reach the person from whom they started. Say, for instance, that in a burst of ill-considered Mrs. Brown confides to Mrs. Green that her husband's brother was lynched in Arizona for sleeping with a colored woman. Mrs. Green passes the joyful tidings along to Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones in turn tells it to Mrs. White, and so it goes until it reaches the artless Mrs. Smith, who tells the original Mrs. Brown what she has heard, but that, of course, she doesn't believe it. What is the result?

The whole bunch, including Mrs. Brown, who, apparently, bears no malice to the others, conclude that Mrs. Smith is a spiteful little thing quite unworthy of their acquaintance.

### PERSONAL.

"Excuse me," said the Eastern young man who wanted to advertise for a wife, "but does your paper run a 'personal' column?"

"Does it?" drawled the fighting editor of the Wildcat News. "Why, we run a column in which we call a man anything from a thief to a liar, and we are not afraid to print his name, either."—Chicago News.

### ILL-INFORMED.

"There is one great comfort about this war in Asia," said the trivial person.

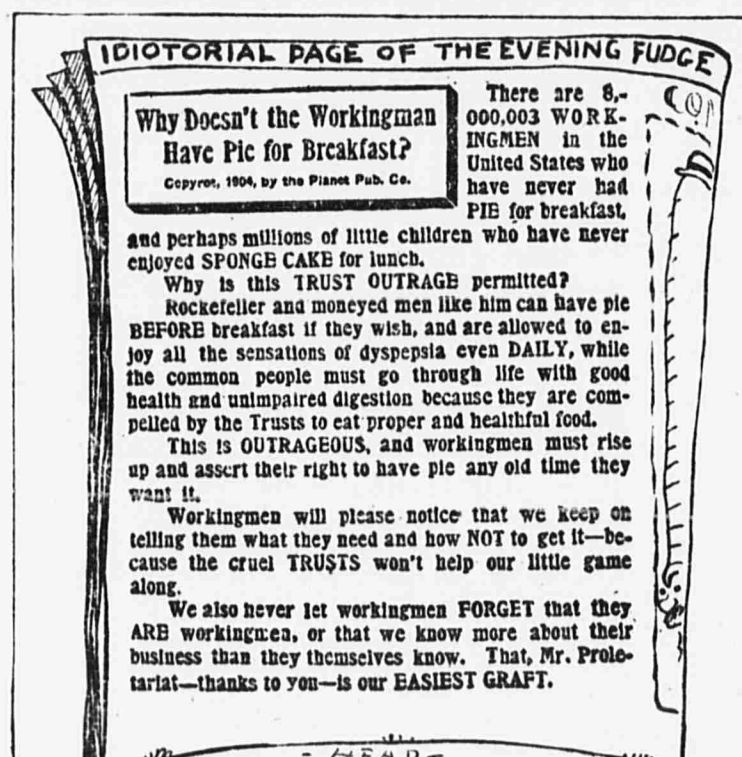
"What is that?"

"You can talk about it as much as you choose without being afraid that any one will criticize your pronunciation."—Washington Star.

## The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

THE MOST IMPORTANT LITTLE MAN ON EARTH.

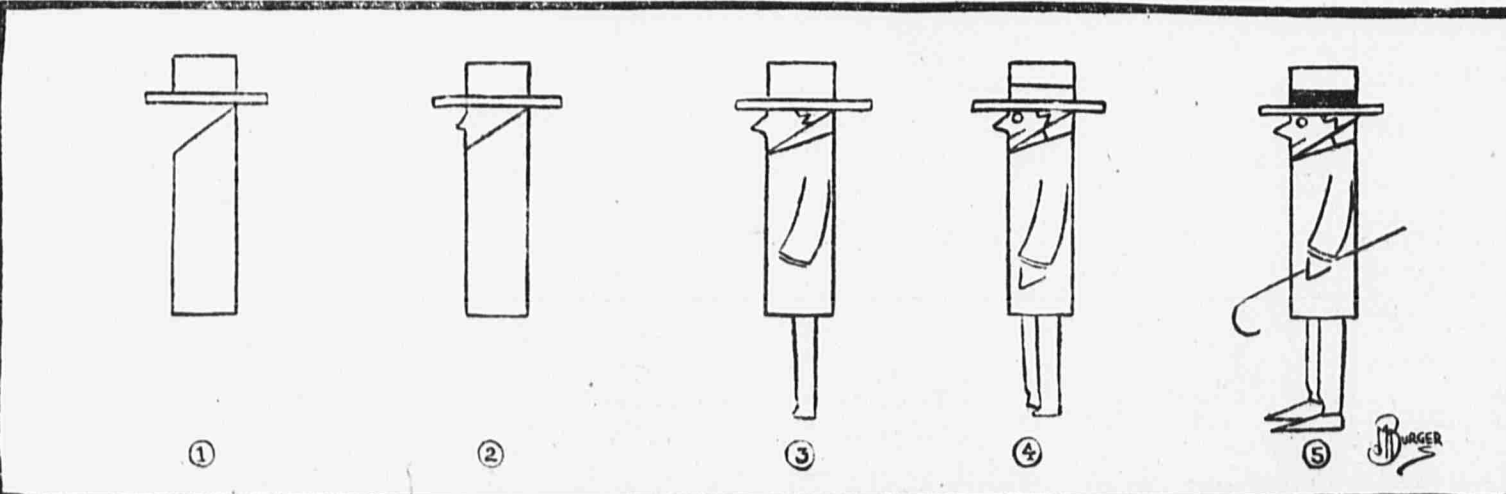
Mr. Peewee Explains the Mechanism of the Twentieth Century Coal Wagon.



To-day's \$5 Prize "Fudge" Idiotical was written by C. G. Hulsphers, 102 Van Buren street, Passaic, N. J.  
PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for to-day, \$1 paid for each: No. 1—C. T. O'HARA, Watson's Theatre, Brooklyn. No. 2—MAY G. BURCH, No. 273 West Eleventh street, New York City. No. 3—HELEN HARGRAVE, No. 71 Cottage street, Jersey City, N. J.  
To-morrow's Prize "Fudge" Idiotical Gook, "How to Live on One Cent a Day."

## Drawing Lessons for Young Cartoonists.

No. V.—How to Draw a Man in Profile.



You may use a ruler for this lesson or draw it free hand. Figure 1 shows you how to start to draw this figure. In Figure 2 draw in the nose and chin with a few small lines. In Figure 3 add four small lines, which are to constitute the ear and hair, draw arm and leg. In Figure 4 in the face I have drawn a small circle for eye, and also a small line upward from the chin to give the effect of a mouth; also a line from one side of the hat to the other to make the hat band, and a small line on top of coat to form coat collar. The letter V is drawn in this picture to represent the hand. Finish up the other leg of the pants. In Figure 5 darken the hat band and insert cane in hand. Use triangles for the shoes and your figure of a man in profile is done.

LESSON NO. 6 will show how to convert a lux into a man.

## The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Bryan Has Another Think Coming About the New York Vote.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that William Jennings Bryan says the Democrats don't need New York to win."

"Even the great," replied the Man Higher Up, "have the privilege of reversing their thought currents. There was a time when the peerless Bill not only thought that the Democrats needed New York, but he reached for it so hard that he strained his suspenders. That was when the peerless was the candidate in 1896 and 1900. He never missed a chance to get into New York and orate, and his various visits to this city were occasions of great elation."

"Not only did Bryan have a hunch that the Democrats needed New York, but that they needed Kankakee, Kokomo, Kalamazoo, Oshkosh and Pompton, N. J. No hamlet was too small nor too far from the centre of population for Bryan to shed his eloquence on. He rode all night on accommodation trains and in wagons to talk to thousands of free-born American citizens, who whooped it up to beat the band when he asked them what they were going to do with the F'peeno and then voted for McKinley. No Christopher Columbus in the advance agent line ever made a record for spotting remote places to perform in like Bryan made eight years ago and four years ago."

"One reason why the peerless may think that the Democrats don't need New York this year is because David Bennett Hill seems to have three acres showing and a buried card that makes him smile every time he takes a peek at it, while the best Bill has in sight is an Avenue A straight. Some day Bryan will forget that occasion in Chicago eight years ago when Hill got up in the convention and roasted the Bryan following to a fare-you-well. He came back with his cross-of-gold scream and won out for the time. The prospect of Hill springing the candidate this year naturally makes Bryan feel like going to a rolling mill and acting as understudy for the machine that chews up scrap iron. If the Democrats don't need New York it is up to Bryan to explain where the voters are coming from to kick holes in the 850,000 plurality that McKinley had against him four years ago."

"When do you think the day is coming that will mark the forgetfulness of Bryan about Hill?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"That day," answered the Man Higher Up, "will come the day after Bryan dies."

### The Dardanelles.

The question whether Russia has the right to send her Black Sea fleet through the Dardanelles is based upon a treaty executed in 1841 between the five great Powers, whereby it was agreed that no ship of war belonging to any nation save Turkey should pass through the channel without the consent of Turkey. This agreement was reaffirmed by the treaty of Berlin, executed after the Russo-Turkish war in the 70s.

### Sweetest Spring Poem Ever Written.

There's a small but vacant shotgun,  
And a tree hangs in the water,  
While the brother's there to help along the work;  
You may talk of Henry Irving,  
But I think I'd best be loving;  
Will you take a drink, or will you have cigars?

### Can You Read this Proverb?

